

Fall 1992

LIV

MEASURE



Literary Magazine

MEASURE

FALL 1992

Editor in Chief
Art & Photography Editor
Public Relations

Elisa Lukas
Kathleen Cavanaugh
Becky Facemyer

Staff

Jennifer Anderson
DeLea Johnson
Hilary Hagerman
Andrew Klimczak
Jonathan Michiels
John Negovetich
Matt Osborn
Greg Potts

Advisor

Robert Garrity

Printer

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Cover Design

Stephen James, '91
Sharon Vairo, '92

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Table of Contents

1	Divide and Conquer	Robert Garrity
1	You	Frances L. Schwartz
2	Dream	John Negovetich
3	Somewhere, Someday, Somehow	Shelly Robertson
4	The Other World	Mary Barga
5	On the El from 95th Street Station to Adams and Wabash	Greg Potts
5	Red	Jennifer Anderson
6	Sketch	DeLea Johnson
7	Papa	John D. Groppe
7	Certainty	Matt Osborn
8	Raining	John Negovetich
8	Life	Frances L. Schwartz
9	I Take Joy In Simple Things	Shelly Robertson
10	Summer Days at Grandma's Farm	JaLeen Deardurff
11	Poem	Greg Potts
12	Wormwood	Jonathan Michiels
13	Anxiety	Jennifer Anderson
14	Webs	Frances Schwartz
14	Two Haiku	John D. Groppe
15	Sketch	DeLea Johnson
16	A Reflection on X	Shelly Robertson
18	Truth	Jennifer Anderson
19	Anthem of the Young	Greg Potts
20	Sands	Frances Schwartz
21	Christmas in May	Andrew Klimczak
23	Lie	Jennifer Anderson
24	That Voice	Mary Barga
25	Summer Place	Shelly Robertson
28	Sketch	DeLea Johnson
29	Lost	Frances Schwartz
30	Guilt	Becky F.

31 As I Walk
 32 Star
 34 Cloudburst
 35 The Boat
 36 Yesterday
 37 Reserves
 38 Nostalgia
 40 Storm
 41 Bitter
 42 Mussolini's Daughter
 43 Sketch
 44 Whirlwind
 45 Sketch
 46 Memory
 47 Waiting Out the Storm
 48 Pondering Life
 49 Heaven
 50 Color Me
 50 Disposable

Mary Barga
 Kathleen Cavanaugh
 Becky F.
 Kathleen Cavanaugh
 Shelly Robertson
 Jennifer Anderson
 Robert Garrity
 Becky F.
 Jennifer Anderson
 Jonathan Michiels
 DeLea Johnson
 Becky F.
 DeLea Johnson
 JaLeen Deardurff
 John Negovetich
 Becky F.
 Shelly Robertson
 Becky F.
 Becky F.

i Errata
 ii Self Portrait
 ii Earth and Rain
 iii A Child
 iv To Be Whole Again
 v Accusations

Jacquelyn Leonard
 John D. Groppe
 Becky F.
 Becky F.
 Becky F.

Robert Garrity

Divide and Conquer

As growing twigs encounter obstacles
They branch apart and overcome these
Splitters of intent.

A man's decisions leave behind two-fold
Reminders that his one persona
Now has been so rent

That he is more complex. But yet the same
Dividing that has made his single
Purpose one now bent

Allows for richer, fuller growth --
More branches for the leaves of life to
Feed the soul's ascent.

Frances L. Schwartz

You

The ocean,
Always changing,
Calm today
Furious tomorrow.

You,
Always changing,
Sincere today
Sadistic tomorrow.

John Negovetich

Dream

Dream to be far, far away,
hope my heart strings never fray,
remember the peace in being at home,
try to feel wanted, even when I'm alone.
Dream.

A dreamy-eyed child in over his head,
fearful, alone, aimlessly moving ahead.
Trapped by confusion, strangled by fear,
overwhelmed with sorrow, drowning in tears.
Dream.

A dream like love that held me tight,
and kept me warm on the coldest night.
The most wonderful love I'll ever know,
two hearts joined together, forever to grow.
Dream.

Dream of togetherness for all to share,
being able to know that someone is there.
Dream of helping you by saving me,
the tighter we hold, the stronger we'll be.
Dream.

Shelly Robertson

Somewhere, Someday, Somehow

Somewhere there is a place
Where all old people play.
The youth all understand
The teens can waste away.

Someday we'll start to grasp
Why death and pain and tears
And life will be so simple and
Get better with the years.

Somehow I'll find the good,
The somewhere and someday,
Sometime I'll always be myself,
Sometimes the time will stay.

Somehow I will stop wishing,
Someday I'll sacrifice,
Somewhere I'll find some truth
In truly good advice.

Someday instead of asking
I'll teach the world to sing.
Somewhere that will be easy
There will be no suffering.

Somewhere, someday, somehow,
Somehow, someday, somewhere
My hopes, my aspirations, dreams...
And every little care.

Mary Barga

The Other World

Free from pain, free from capture
All on my own. No worries, no cares.
I don't want to belong.
All our lives we are told to fit in.
We are prepared from the beginning.
All our choice is taken away by the world.
A world full of hypocrites who do what they want.
And we must conform
Or else wither away into another world:
The Outcasts.

This world of outcasts is not so bad
With in it there is peace,
There is freedom, there is choice.
You may not belong to the other world.
But who wants to?
Who wants to be a clone of the others in that world?
That life is far worse than the criticism and actions
Taken against an outcast.
At least in the outcast world your conscience is clean
And you are you.

Greg Potts

**On the El From 95th Street Station to Adams and
Wabash**

On the electric third rail racing blind
into the darkness.

Above the crawl of congested Chicago streets,
the wheels rattle, race on rails moving blindly into the
dark at neck breaking speed.

Forward into an explosion of light,
shuddering and screeching, speed ceases, stop.
Doors open, a myriad of travelers exit into the night.

Jennifer Anderson

Red

Flows in my veins
Love
as deep as my heart
Pain
when the knife cuts
Vivid
when the sun hits my eyes.



John D. Groppe

Papa

Papa, twice a widower, loved sunny rooms --
the dining room with his rocking chair
and smoking stand near the window,
the kitchen with a white wood table
where he served me grapefruit scraped dry into a bowl
and oatmeal running with Karo syrup.
Outside, he sat on the low stone wall of St. James' Church
with Walsh, another widower and Irishman far from home.
They puffed their pipes and occasionally chuckled
about a bloke who had done some foolish thing.
I sat with them, watching the trolleys
and the women pushing baby carriages,
towing toddlers behind them,
and learned the warmth of the sun,
the delight of the quiet chuckle,
the wisdom of silence.

Matt Osborn

Certainty

Those childish smiles from behind that
beautiful brown hair can't hide your true feelings.
I can tell exactly what you're going to do when I walk in
the door. Your lips will curl up, and your eyebrows will
curve. You are going to say "I love you," as you glance
up from the book.
Well, I think that's what you are going to do.

John Negovetich

Raining

Streaming tear drops of bitter pain
from the soul of a lonely man,
who cannot stop, cannot refrain,
as he woefully reaches out his hand.

A showering laughter that falls from the sky
to mock us one and all.
Droplets of hatred that wish us to die,
as over and over they fall.

The crack of thunder into my bone
with a blinding flash of light,
Filled with emptiness, I am alone
but always with me, the darkness of night.

Soft droplets of water so pure and clean
falling through the trees.
A magical beauty of calm and serene
that no one bothers or cares to see.

Raining...

Frances L. Schwartz

Life

Life is short.
Don't waste it by
pinning your hopes
on one dream.

Shelly Robertson

I Take Joy In Simple Things

I take joy in simple things:
The growing grass, the bird that sings,

A little child playing ball,
And people who just care to call.

I take joy in simple pleasures:
Poetry and music measures,

Eating pizza on a Saturday night,
Living wrong and living right.

I take joy in cloudy days,
The winds that blow, the friend who stays.

The wonders of a frightful eve,
And things most people can't conceive.

I take joy in using my gifts.
I take joy in sand that drifts,

And time that continues to slip away
No matter how much I want to stay.

Today I saw a bumble bee,
A smiling face, a colorful tree,

The end of summer and all it brings
'Cause I take joy in simple things.

JaLeen Deardurff

Summer Days at Grandma's Farm

The warm sun shines brightly in the blue sky.
It spotlights the images before me.
The Victorian house stands proudly to my left.
On my right is a green pasture lined with a white fence.
Cattle graze happily, lazily, occasionally raising their heads to moo.
Ahead of me is a long, straight gravel lane.
At the end of the lane is the barn,
a big red barn well preserved throughout the years.
I hear my younger brother and sister urging me,
"Come on! Let's go play!"
We race to the barn and climb the wooden ladder to the hay loft.
We make a slide out of straw and spend hours entertaining ourselves.
Brad tries daring maneuvers. Jackie and I are more careful.
While the sun warms the outside, the fun, laughter and play warms me inside.
When we tire of playing in the straw, we brush ourselves off
and go into the house to beg for a snack.
Our mother is visiting our grandmother in the big white house.
Perched on the porch swing, we eat chocolate ice cream out of cones
and wish our cousins would come to play with us.
When we finish, we join Mom and Grandma in the garden.
Grandma's short stocky frame is bent over the vegetables,
her dress and apron blow gracefully around her knees.
Her gray head bobs up and down, as she smiled at our childish chatter.

At supper time we eat meat, homemade noodles and green
beans,
potatoes, lettuce and tomatoes from the garden,
all prepared with Grandma's loving hands.
Why does everything always taste better at Grandma's
house?
After dark we try to catch fireflies in the yard until
Mom calls us in for a bath.
That night, I snuggle under an old quilt in the four poster
bed.
"Goodnight," I whisper to the farm, wishing I could stay
there forever.

Greg Potts

Poem

Looking up into the blackness.
Looking up where the ceiling should be.
I'm searching all around,
 but it's much too dark to see.

I'm suddenly afraid of everything.
The things I used to see
 are darker now and stranger,
So much stranger than they used to be.

Looking up into the blackness.
Looking up where the sun should be.
I'm searching all around,
 but it's much too dark to see.

Jonathan Michiels

Wormwood

Cemetery ultra-vile
your low-slung tombstones are an effrontery-
puny monuments for puny men-

My family under a yellow and white
striped canopy- I turn back on them-
giving them the back of my hand-
flashing my dully polished sapphire ring-

Oh I long for the days when wind swept
through the purple hued passageways of
Egyptian tombs during Aleister Crowley's
honeymoon-Cemetery so "modern," made for
those who died running the traffic lights-
for those who'd suppose it queer to die for
an emperor or a queen-

Wearing my tears mourning in the afternoon-
I'm wearing my tears mourning in the afternoon
as proudly as I were wearing jewels for my lady-
Tears drooling out of my eyelids like strands
of pearls-

In the Chapel of the Vacuum my poem is read-
I said that in the Chapel of the Vacuum
my poem is read loudly and clearly-the rest
of the family has nothing to bring-they who
have essentially nothing to give-

They who suppose themselves equal to me-
look glaringly over the wooden pews disdainfully
at me-Now I hear that the family tree is hollow-

knock on wood-

You are the darkness of my world-
You alone make black my brightest day-
many are the curses you bring to those
who trust in your ways-

There is wormwood in the chalice
The kiss of Judas plays among the
endearments of family and friends-
the family tree is rotten-
and full of broken limbs-

Jennifer Anderson

Anxiety

When time runs out
run and hide
struggle
survive.
To be
full of questions
brought on
by nobody with
answers.
A complex duality
live
learn.
All of this
makes
temples burn.

Frances L. Schwartz

Webs

thin bonds spun out of glass;
two, spinning a web of intricate design
out of words, looks, and gestures,

showers beat upon the fetters,
straining them.

the sun dries the untempered threads,
delicately swinging in the open air.

the moon illuminates the tiny crystallized filaments,
fragile in the caressing breeze
the thin bonds
shatter.

John D. Groppe

Two Haiku (January 21, 1992)

Sun warms snow and ice.
Air is full, ripe with manure.
Corn waits. Thaw will come.

Y's and I's impressed
on trees, hidden from the sun,
northwind speeds south.



Shelly Robertson

A Reflection on X

Don't be fooled by cunning faces
Lured by gold
To far off places.

Don't be blinded by passing desire,
By lazy indifference
Or envious fire.

Don't lie to yourself whatever you do,
Don't cheat for your sake,
To your own self be true.

Don't listen to the do's and don'ts if you think you know
best
Try to be open minded,
Stand above all the rest.
You've got to have pride,
You've got to believe,
You've got to work hard
If you want to achieve.

We've got to stand strong.
It's time to stand tall.
Let's fight for the truth
Or say nothing at all.

"He will make use of me dead, as he has made use of me
alive, as a convenient symbol of 'hatred' and that will help
him to escape facing the truth that all I have been doing is
holding up a mirror to reflect the history of unspeakable
crimes that his race has committed against my race. You

watch. I will be labeled as, at best, an 'irresponsible' black man."

I have to admit, I didn't know.
I didn't understand.
Now I do.

Maybe they kept it from me all these years on purpose.
I, too, thought of him as a symbol of hatred,
of revenge.
Now I know better.

People are people wherever you go,
Some know much more
Than I'll ever know.

People are people no matter what race.
What challenges me
Is what they all face.

People are people,
What should we do?
Be sorry for things
That they did to you?

Two wrongs don't make a right,
Two wars are still a fight

Silence lies the same
As men jack the game.

I read and reflected
And now I find
Some pertinent questions
Come to my mind.

If maybe there isn't a God, what does it hurt to believe?
If you never go the distance, how will you ever achieve?

If I stand up for what I believe, will that make me some
zero?

Am I coward at heart, or willing to die like a hero?

"I know that societies often have killed the people who
have helped to change those societies. And if I can die
having brought any light, having exposed anything
meaningful in the body of America--then, all of the credit is
due to Allah. Only the mistakes have been mine."

It's time to break the bounds our parents have tied.
It's time to turn from ignorance.
It's time to make a difference.
It's time for peace.

(Quotes from the *Autobiography of Malcolm X* by Alex
Haley)

Jennifer Anderson

Truth

Regret
Kills
Passion

Sorrow
Crushes
Happiness

Anger
Destroys
Love

Greg Potts

Anthem of the Young

We know, you do not hear us old man.
When we were young, you shackled us
in sweltering bands.

Taught us your rules, taught us to be civil.
Broke our spirit, with hard chairs,
and rulers on knuckles.

Old man, we know, you don't believe in us.
Every time we try to speak,
you say it's just a phase.

We know, the mess you have made,
We have no faith in your dreams and promises,
we have no use for words, only action.

Old man, we will fight you at every turn.
We will gather our strength and attack,
we press on for what we think is right.

You may hold us back for now.
Your numbers and rules may stop us,
hold us back with fire.

One day we shall rise.
We will rise from our ashes,
and soar like the Phoenix.

Frances L. Schwartz

Sands

Sands
As endless as time.
Each grain represents someone.
You are there, I am there,
Everyone is there.

Time will let us meet everyone.
We start out together but are carried
Over the oceans to shores
Faraway.

Time our old friend will let us meet
On some distant shore.
Then we will be together
Forever.

Andrew Klimczak

Christmas in May

Taken in,
By pitied eyes--scared, timid, innocent.
Sucked in,
By clever lies--assured, convincing.

At a distance, a delicate siren
How could one think such thoughts?
Only by petting her silken hair
Do the horns become apparent.

The snow falls.
The halo beams.
But I know the truth,
Yes, the truth.
You've heard of it, I think.

Surround yourself with your soldiers/spies,
All sucked into delicate lies.

You stroke your sheep,
Feed them,
Train them,
Blind them.

In the end you kill them.

Build your fortress.
I'll build mine.

My foundation is truth--solid, strong, resilient.
Your foundation is deceit--brittle, warping, fragile.

Hurl your projectiles.
I've no blood to spill.
You sucked it from me,
Slaking your thirst for pity.

The snow tumbles down.
The tinsel burns my eyes.
No joy is left.
I wonder
Whether Noel has lost meaning, direction.

You've stripped away all compassion.
Only anger remains.

You've taught me to hate,
To hate.

Don't come looking for forgiveness.
You'll find none.

Just a lead pipe to the temple,
And your blood will stain the grass,
And the roses' necks will snap.

Jennifer Anderson

Lie

He had sworn he loved her. She believed him whole heartedly. She needed to believe him. He would be her everything.

His touch sent shivers through her body. His eyes were strong and hot. Her heart felt as if it was going to burst when he whispered her name. He asked for her to spend the night in his arms.

She could not resist the temptation. She longed to feel his body close to hers. His naked body was the symbol of her strength and security. His muscles were tense. Her body surrendered. He would enter her soul and alter her existence.

The final moment of the night's excursion brought about a question. How can pleasure originate from sin?

Mary Barga

That Voice

A voice piercing through the calm peaceful air,
That eerie, nagging, cry that does not leave me alone.
I try to run and escape this horrid sound,
But every corner I turn, every place I hide That Voice
follows.

What is it you want? Why are you after me?
A wicked laughter roared all around me,
The time has come which I have dreaded,
My soul is no longer mine to possess,
The Master has come to take
What I had given in a long time ago.
However, I know that I am not alone,
For others too have sold their soul
To achieve all the power and glory
Required in this hell called life.

Summer Place

The children giggled, tiptoeing out of the garage dragging the fence boards.

"We'll need a hammer," Ron whispered so Mom wouldn't hear.

"And some nails," his sister added.

"Whatcha doing?!" their neighbor Ruth yelled from across the street.

"Sh shshshshhhh!!" They ran toward her.

"We're building our summer place," Ron told her softly.

"Can I help?" she asked.

"Sure," Ron whispered, "but be quiet!"

Construction began in late May. The trees had already bloomed and the weather was warm. It already felt like summer.

"We'll have to hurry if we want to finish," they all agreed.

They chose the tallest tree in the woods.

"I want our place WAY up there!" Ron pointed toward the top.

His sister was practical like their mother.

"What if we fall?"

"Ruthie had always been daring. "We won't."

One branch was a horse. All three could ride fearlessly. Another branch served as the support for their swing. Ron nailed ropes into the wood.

Each uneven board was a step up up up to the tower built high enough to excite them, so high they could see the neighborhood and their house over the trees.

They celebrated up there with peanut butter and jelly sandwiches washed down with grape pop. It was finally finished.

July came and the summer place was a military fort, a hiding place, goal during tag--their place to be any and every hero they could dream up.

In August, the horse died. Too many rides on the bendable saddle had split the wood of the mare in two, right down the middle.

"No more horse rides this summer I guess," Ruthie said.

Fall arrived much too quickly. Before the children knew it, they were being called in before dark for supper, sent to bed early. After school, there weren't enough hours in a day left for them to spend having fun at their summer places.

At first this bothered the three. Monday afternoon, after the first day of school, the children couldn't even get in a full game of hide-and-seek before they heard from Ron and Shelly's mother calling for them to come home.

"Don't worry," Shelly told them. "It'll always be here tomorrow."

After school Wednesday, as the school bus turned the corner, Ron's sister noticed something odd.

"Look!" she commanded the other two.

Ron and Ruth ran from their seats to the window. All three sat with mouths agape. Men in orange and yellow suits were levelling the land. All the trees had fallen but one.

All ran off the school bus and headed toward the woods.

"Come back here," mother said. "It's time for dinner. Your father came home early."

They knew they had to obey, though they could hardly contain their emotion.

"Ruthie, your parents called and said to tell you to go right home. You're going out with them tonight."

All three children looked at each other. There was nothing they could do.

"We'll tell you tomorrow," Ron said to Ruth.

After dinner, Ron ran out the door and Shelly attempted to follow.

"Who is going to help me with the dishes?" Mom asked.

Shelly had to stay and dry.

When she finished, Shelly bolted out the door. She spotted Ronald's chubby little frame walking toward the house slowly. He was only a dark shadow in front of the sunset that lit the jack-o-lantern of a fleeting October sky. The background was a glorious vision. Not a tree blocked its magnificence. The message was all too clear.

Little Ronald had tear streaks on his grimy face. A broken hammer hung in his right hand.

Shelly drew from their father's words of wisdom, "All things must change," but she couldn't hold back her tears. Ron looked into his sister's eyes and they fell into an embrace. The summer place had been destroyed.



Frances L. Schwartz

Lost

Where am I?
I am in oblivion.
Where is something concrete?
There is nothing,
I feel myself losing my grip,
ever so slowly on
nothing, everything, reality.

No one is there to give me strength,
to listen.
I cry, all I hear is silence.
I want to sing.
My beautiful voice?
Gone.

The words are lost
but they are there.
Just incomprehensible.
Touch me, love me, find me,
Listen to me.

Too late. I am gone.
Everything is gone.
I am lost.

Becky F.

Guilt

Love is not
the language of our time,
nor joy,
nor hope of a better tomorrow
when pain and greed
throw shadows
over all the world:
the attitude of selfish gain
no matter the cost.
And so we lose
our dreams and our lives
to the ones who have it all
and are not yet satisfied,
the seeds of guilt
planted in their souls.
And with our suffering
do those seeds grow
and flower,
the cycle feeding itself
with no end in sight,
for the wake-up call
came lifetimes ago
and is even today ignored
but by a few who struggle
up the stream
against oppression,
who often find
that it is a lonely world
when you have a conscience
and that all surrounding
will chastise you
if you try to think for yourself.

Mary Barga

As I Walk...

As I walk, I see images appear,
Scenes that I do not want to see.
Emotions are shown in the faces
Of people I have not met.
Hurt, Anger, Jealousy, Pride
But the most prevalent one is Fear.

As I walk, these images grow real
And it is as if I am living
What I now see before me.
Those emotions I now feel,
It is like my life.

As I walk, I feel the hurt and anger,
Hurt because life is not
What I want it to be,
Angry because I don't know
How to change the life I see.

As I walk, I feel the jealousy and pride,
Jealous of what others have
Which I also want to have,
Pride, the evil which keeps me
Where I am at, unable to change.

As I walk, I too feel the fear,
Afraid of what lies ahead,
Scared that the past will come back
To haunt and taunt me,
But Fear I learn is my only enemy.

Star

It was a cool, sunny day in Regalia when Star heard the call of her teachers. Obediently, she entered the woods and went to her magical place by the meandering stream and humongous, protective oak tree. She brushed her long, jet-colored hair behind her shoulders as she sat down and closed her emerald green eyes, feeling all the negativity she had attracted leave her body. Her willowy but well-toned body warmed as she felt the love of the Great Spirit enter her and awaked the magic in her soul. In a few more moments, Star knew that her teachers would come. As she held her eyes closed, she saw images of far away lands and strange creatures. Finally, her teachers came. They all hugged and kissed her, happy that she was able to visit them again. Kevin, the youngest teacher who helped her specifically on her spiritual journey in life, led her to a grassy knoll and began to speak to her.

"All of the special powers you have gained and valuable lessons you have learned thus far in your life have been in preparation for a journey upon which you must embark. Now is the time for you to start this journey. You will either achieve ultimate power or utter destruction, depending on the choices you make. Take with you the amulets you have gathered in your pouch, for they are your most valuable possession. They contain a basic power source, and their energies are very powerful when correctly utilized. You will find food and water in the wild as you travel, so you need not burden yourself with carrying them with you. While you are traveling, you will meet a companion who also is making the same journey as you. Travel together, for you will help each other to survive. Watch the horizon tomorrow at dawn for a special signal that will tell you when to depart. You will know what this signal is when you see it. Also, always remember that whenever you need

help, your teachers are always here for you, so call upon us when it is necessary. Go and prepare."

Kevin then led her back to the rest of her teachers, who hugged her good-bye and wished her light for her journey. Star turned and began to walk away when she remembered a question she had forgotten to ask. However, when she turned around, her teachers had already disappeared. The question slipped out of her mind as Star excitedly returned to her hut, where she planned for the beginning of the journey.

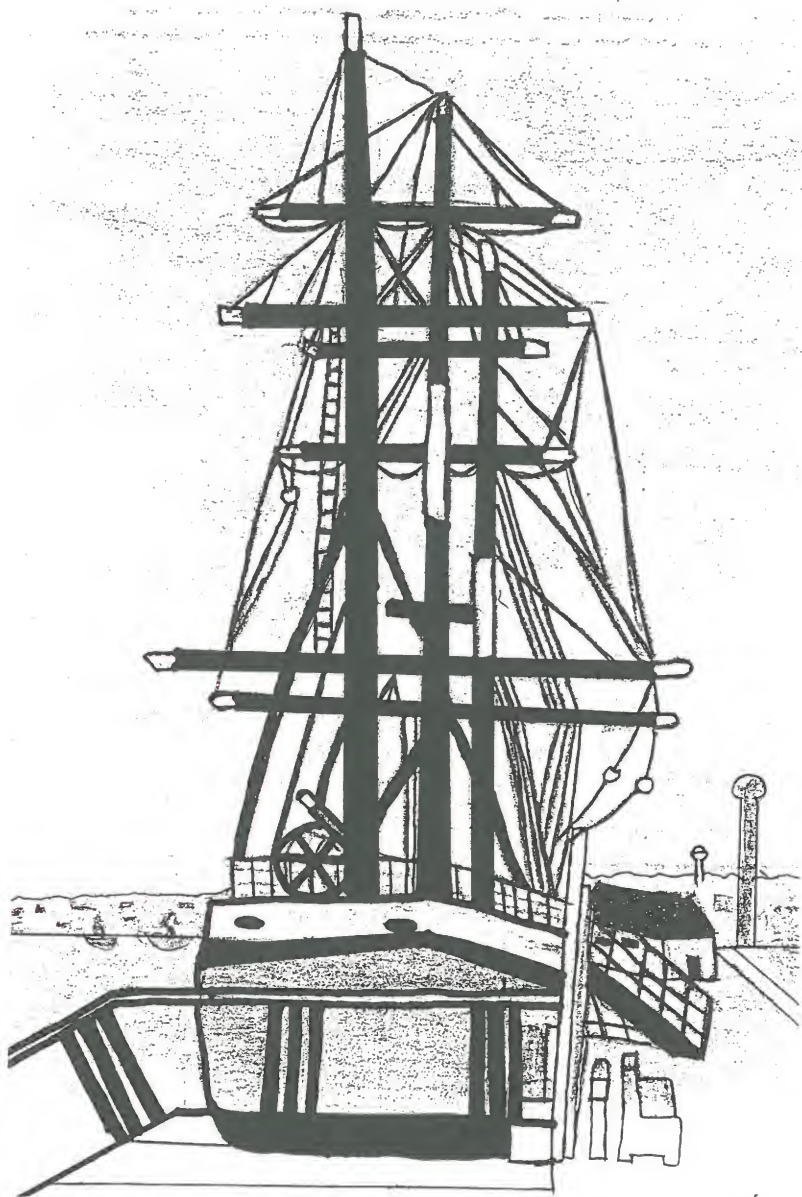
However, deep in the night as she was preparing, Star was unable to hear the cold thunder of the Emperor's dark horses as they drove murderously towards her peaceful cove. If she could, it would trample her lustrous dreams and eclipse them with blackened terror. Surely, this was to be the prelude to Star's journey.

Becky F.

Cloudburst

A sudden cloudburst
raining down on me
cleanses me
to my very core.
Oh, the ecstasy
of being free again
and being in love
with the rain
as it is falling down!

Lost in this rapture,
I almost forget
to notice
its rhythm
slowing down
until it ends
as swiftly as it began,
leaving me with
only a memory,
and the peace that remains
in my soul.



Shelly Robertson

Yesterday

It was Saturday four years ago,
So vividly I do remember
The heat and the sun, the spring and the seeds.
So strange how I still can remember

When we were only children.
And then came the time she passed.
I didn't know then what I know today,
I couldn't know it wouldn't last.

Moments, I'm still in such sorrow;
Others, I find I can't care,
Because today like every tomorrow
Just passes without her there.

Still I feel her laughing,
Still I see her here.
More than a friend, she, a wonder,
A yellow rose, brought love so near.

It's not that I want her back.
I couldn't have made her stay..
I just can't help but remember
Those four years ago, yesterday.

Reserves

She was a lovely woman. Young and vibrant. She led a happy life with her husband. Her marriage was her existence. Her hair was the color of sun drenched wheat. Her eyes sparkled like the stars on a clear night. When she spoke, it sounded as if the wind was whispering through the trees.

She sat alone in her favorite chair, staring out her window from her rocking chair. Her face held no expression. Her body held no strength. She sat lifeless facing their garden. She saw nothing out of the window, but was looking for her everything.

It had been three days since she read that letter. She peered into her garden. It was overgrown with weeds and was barely recognizable any longer. Her husband had built that garden for her.

Images of the good times crowded her head. She kept hearing that same neatly typed sentence screaming at her from the message the army sent. "We regret to inform you that your husband was killed in the line of duty."

With the opening of one letter, her whole life had stopped. She knew she must go on, yet she couldn't collect enough energy to move from her chair. They had bought this chair from a flea market during their first month of marriage. She loved this chair as much as she loved him. She wouldn't leave her chair. It was all she had left of him.

The months went by and still she did not move. Then one day she saw her husband tending their garden. She ran to him. Their souls entwined in the weeds of the garden.

Nostalgia

With slow pace and memory-filled eyes the man walked the very sidewalk that he had walked hundreds of times years ago. How many years? Was it forty or fifty? It seemed like two or three, except for a vague feeling that it was a completely different street now. There were cars parked all along both sides of the city block of his old Dearborn Street, where once Mr. Samuels and Mr. Baker were the only two who even had a car to park anywhere.

The one-time names were gone from the houses he passed, as he thought to himself the names -- O'Donnell, McElroy, Kelly, Daily, Dugan, McCabe, Flaherty, Haggerty -- like a Gaelic Litany of the Saints. Of course, in this St. Lawrence O'Toole's parish he had thought at times that they lived in Little Galway or Little Donegal.

The Irish boys (along with some Protestant boys like the Lee brothers and Shaw) would play boxball in that street, hitting the tennis ball with bare knuckles (the pitcher had to bounce it once), sometimes over the tops of the houses and into the alley behind. The alley behind his house was Alhambra Way, and he wondered how a byway of less than twelve feet in width had been given such an impressive name.

His rules when "at bat" were especially drawn because of his left-handedness -- over Dailey's house was out. The other, "normal" boys would "bat" up the street because they were not handicapped with such inconvenient sinistrality. At the moment Dailey's house seemed to be the length of a good-sized pool table from home plate. The boys had frowned and grudgingly suspended their game on the rare occasion of someone's driving a car across the first base line. After all, the kids owned Dearborn Street; let the cars use Penn Avenue!

Only on Saturday, when there was no school, did they climb the steep Fort Pitt hill to use the playground's baseball

field. At times they preferred Dearborn Street's smooth paving to the tiny stones that covered Fort Pitt's infield and threatened to propel the friction-tape covered ball into their teeth on each grounder. No batting helmets, no uniforms, no coaches, no umpires in those pre-Little League days of improvised chaos; but somehow the Dearborn Street gang learned how to play ball -- at least some of them did.

On Boys' Day the whole lot of them would walk over to Forbes Field to watch the Pirates lose again. With eight teams in the league, they always managed to finish seventh or eighth. He smiled to think that this must be the fate of little Chicago Cub fans these days -- that feeling that their team might win it all just once, some day. They had waited after the games to get autographs of the players, and occasionally to get to walk back to the Webster Hall Hotel with someone like Rip Sewell or Johnny Barrett. He remembered how rough and huge the hands of Honus Wagner had been the day he had obtained the great one's autograph. Wagner was then a coach, in his seventies, but always affable when the young boys wanted an autograph. Now, he thought, they call it Children's Day because the girls go also. In those days it had been assumed that only boys were interested in baseball.

And now this block is completely different, he thought. No longer do Irish names proliferate. Not one of the old families seems still to be around. What had happened? Had they all taken the opportunity to move when it arose? Had they all died off?

Words came to his mind. The words were, "You can't go home again." In a way, he reflected, these words contained a note of self-contradiction, for if it were still home, then a return would be impossible -- one would already be here. But how short the block seemed now. Had it really been this small, with such a narrow street and with such small houses on it? He stepped into his car, and while driving off he could hear the "thunk" of a tennis ball as it flew over Dailey's house.

Becky F.

Storm

Tall trees shiver,
sound of the wind,
their branches glisten
with droplets of rain;
it is beneath these
sheltering limbs
that I take each step,
under grey clouds
I cannot see
for the darkness
of this night.

A storm rages
in my soul
as the world
storms around me,
how appropriate.
And my bitter tears fall
in complement to the rain,
and your angry words
that repeat themselves
viciously in my head
tear at me
like the wind.

Jennifer Anderson

Bitter

To be hurt
repeatedly
by your
treachery.
To be told
lies in
place of the
truth.
To believe
in the words
uttered from your
lips.
To be loved
by your deceitful
hands.
To be shown
the way to
truth
through the
valley
of deception.

The pain
you caused.
The heart
you broke.
The innocence
you snatched.
It was
always
your choice.

Mussolini's Daughter

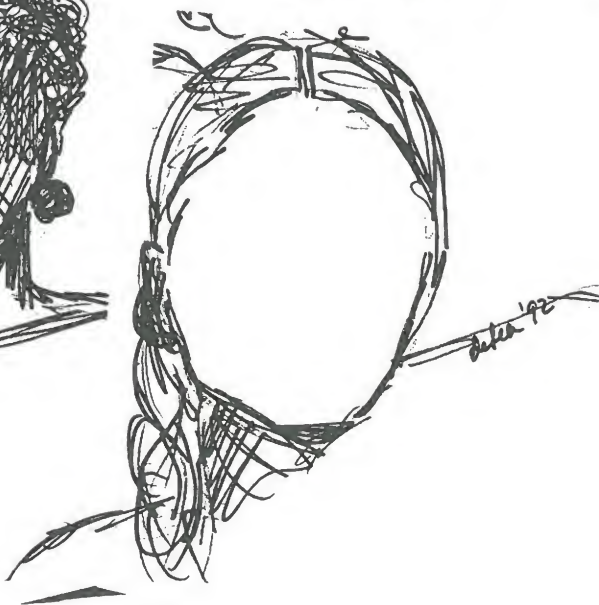
A Fascist chic falls like a pall over my villa that is located at the foot of the Pyrenees. I sit underneath a pair of bull horns, in my wide brimmed, black Stetson cowboy hat. The bull horns are wrapped with strips of black patent leather and a small silver bell hangs from each point.

The brim of my cowboy hat curls up in a swirl, on its sides, as the bull horns undulate, causing the tinkling of the bells. My sad ears prick up though, when I hear Annabella strike a chord on the Spanish guitar, as she sits in my villa's trophy room, in front of a big log fire. My unwavering gaze is transfixed upon the gyrations of her lithe fingers plucking the guitar's strings. Above and behind her, my red and gold striped Catalan battle flag covers radiantly the hearth's chimney. Likewise, a shimmering veil of her black hair eclipses half of Annabella's face into darkness.

I rise up from a black wicker chair and move towards the hearth, with a bull whip. I pass the toreador costume I have dressed a mannequin in, and I run my fingers along the grooves in between its gilt trim. I walk my villa's wood panelled hall, which is

ever so softly lit, by flame shaped
 glass bulbs hidden behind candle masks.
 I slither my whip behind me as
 I pass a painting of Francisco Franco,
 a la flambeau. The portrait of the
 Spanish generalissimo is aflame,
 inside of its thick lasso rope frame,
 suggesting the map which burns during
 the opening credits of Bonanza.

The portrait is not afire out of an
 anti-Falangistas sentiment mind you ...
 but out of a fierce love for you,
 for Franco is your foe and you are
 my daimon now. You are my dear
 and darling Minotaur. Believe me.



Becky F.

Whirlwind

You come to me
like a whirlwind,
twirling me,
dancing
'til my breath is gone,
then you send me
like a shower
of meteors,
plummeting into the ground
as you dance away,
the whirlwind,
and I cry for your return.

Brooding thunder storms
don't touch me,
nor the breath of a summer breeze,
the sky can rain,
the moon can shine
without notice
until the whirlwind
comes to me again
and we go dancing.



JaLeen Deardurff

Memory

I'm watching an old Bonanza rerun on T.V.
As the four Cartwrights ride across the Ponderosa
I'm a little girl again, sitting on the couch with my brother.
It's Sunday night!

There's Hoss with his tongue hanging out
of his mouth trying to explain a little mishap.
Little Joe's laughing with a rat-a-tat rhythm.
Adam chimes in with smart aleck comment
while Ben furrows a concerned brow.

There's the grand log house
familiar to fans young and old.
The pine trees and mountains surround
Lake Tahoe and I wish I were there.

Joe's pinto pony, Hoss's ten gallon hat,
Ben's silver hair and Adam's golden voice.
Michael, Dan, Lorne and Pernell
all bring back a memory as the Bonanza theme song
gallops through my house.

John Negovetich

Waiting Out the Storm

A tired, weary, solemn traveler
is waiting out the storm.
His cold, naked, water-logged body
is withered, tattered and torn.
Alone he sits on this quiet road,
with the rain beating hard on his face.
He's half a man, with half a chance
to find happiness any place.
Up to his feet, he travels on,
a nameless, faceless man.
All that he has are the dreams that he holds,
but he doesn't know how he can.
Off to the east is open road,
the west looks just the same.
He can't decide which way to go,
because he does not know from where he came.
In a rain that has not lifted in years,
the traveler waits out the storm,
confused and alone, emotions grow cold,
only his hatred keeps him warm.
I know how he feels, for I am a traveler,
we all must travel through storms of hate,
soon enough the storm always passes,
but only the fool sits and waits.

Becky F.

Pondering Life

Been sitting here
thinking
so long,
I forgot
how to move,
how to feel,
as if I have been stripped
of body
and emotion.

So I ask myself
why
I want to move
anyway
and what
is left
to feel,
and I
cannot reply.

So I stay here,
thinking,
until even
the slightest desire
for action
disappears,
pondering life
when I no longer possess it.

Shelly Robertson

Heaven

Heaven

maybe is a place
where you can sit with your parents
and laugh and laugh
and never hold anything against them, or them against you,
never fight.

Heaven

maybe is a place
where you never have to mow another lawn,
write another paper,
or clip another coupon.

Heaven

maybe is a place
where you can keep eating cookies and fresh baked
cinnamon rolls
with butter
and never get sick
or gain weight.

Heaven

maybe is a place where there is true freedom,

Or maybe

just maybe

Heaven is just a place

where love is really

always

true.

Becky F.

Color Me

If I were a color,
I'd be scarlet
Like the deepest of red roses
that lovers send,
like the stained glass
of church windows,
the color
that stores don't sell
unless packed deep inside
a crayon box by mistake.
I would be the color
that best describes
the howling of a lonely wind,
the color that the moon becomes
when harvest time is near,
and the color of blood
spilt over nothing important
in any war.

Color me scarlet.

Becky F.

Disposable

Living in a world
where people
are disposable,
how can love
endure?

Errata in the Spring 1992 issue

The editors wish to apologize for five errors in the last issue. Someone gained access to our computerized copy during the week prior to the printing deadline and erased all the copy. The editor had to rush through a retyping of the entire issue in two days. We are sorry for the inconvenience. In the future, only the editors will have access to the computerized data.

Three works were printed with one or more words incorrectly placed. Two works were erroneously attributed to the wrong author. All five works are here reprinted as they should have appeared in the issue.

Jacquelyn Leonard

Self Portrait

She wears the night cloaked about her
as the stars gather in her hair,
while the tears fall from her eyes like moondrops,
when she is all alone in the cool, crisp air.

She walks and is sure of her step;
she holds her head high from her hardship.
Yet she is numb to the pain of love and grief,
because her pride is stronger than she.

John D. Groppe

Earth and Rain

The earth knew it before we did,
even before the birds,
and rose to join the rain.
Swifts, surprised by the soaring soil,
sortied as ground bound as swallows.
Then we felt the wind and its promise.
Our desire has been buried deep within civilities
and nurtured like an African plant in a city flat,
without knowing the torrent
that had spawned its gentle purple.
The earth swirled, the rain fell, the birds fled.
Even then we hesitated,
sitting apart, laughing, our faces turned to the wind.
The honest invitation remained,
and we rose to dance with the earth and rain.

Becky F.

A Child

Even if only
for a brief and fleeting moment,
I would like to be happy again,

to experience the bliss of a child
who knows not fear or responsibility,
who has no worries or cares,

to marvel at the simplicity
of a butterfly,
to stop and smell a flower,
to be able to smile freely once more.

Oh, to be a child again,
to be that simple,
to know that love
that will never change
no matter what one says
or does.

Becky F.

To Be Whole Again

And I cry sometimes,
late at night,
alone
in the dark of my room
when I think of you,
because I'm still in love with you,
and I wake up with a picture of you
emblazoned on my mind
for you fill every dream
and waking fantasy.

If only you were here
right now,
holding me
as you used to
in the silence of midnight,
in the darkness that covers me,
in the shadows so complete
I fear never seeing light again,
but you will never hold me
as you used to,
and I will never be whole again.

Becky F.

Accusations

Pain cutting through me
like a blade
in your hands
as you look at me
with eyes that accuse,
though I've done nothing to harm you.

I look for the compassion
I once knew,
which used to fill those eyes
when you would gaze upon me,
and I search for the inner corners
of the soul
your eyes could reveal,
but both are absent
from the face I see before me.

All I can see are your eyes,
piercing me,
as though each were a knife
and cutting through the flesh and bone,
even through my very soul
to wound me
as my own eyes fill with tears
at your accusations.

Cover by Sharon M. Vairo and Stephen R. James 1991